

Heart of a Chief

by BerserkDragon

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Summary: [HTTYD 2 spoilers] [Hiccup's POV] Hiccup keeps getting nightmares about the day his father died, and is scared that he isn't the chief his dad wanted him to be. To make things worse, an unexpected visitor comes back to Berk. [sequel published]

1. The New Chief

Heart of a Chief

"HICCUP!"

"DAD, NO!"

I woke up, sweat covering my forehead and my palms. I had had the same dream every night ever since the Battle of the Bewilderbeast – or the same nightmare, rather. Every night I remembered how Dad had come rushing towards me, had jumped at the last second, had taken the blow. And every night I woke up just as the plasma blast hit him.

I looked over my room and saw Toothless curled up on his stone slab, sleeping peacefully, not knowing I was awake. A small part of me was angry at him, but the rest of me muted that part and I reminded myself that the Dark Bewilderbeast had been controlling him, that Drago had gotten inside his head and didn't come out until it was too late.

I walked slowly down the stairs the next morning and sat down at the large wooden table in the middle of the main room. Mom was sitting on the opposite side, sipping her fish soup.

"Morning, son!" she said, smiling. I smiled politely back. She knew that I had been having nightmares and always tried to make me feel better. "Hungry?"

"No thanks, I'm good," I stared down at my prosthetic. "Mom... am I a

good chief?"

She looked quite shocked at this. Forgetting she was born a human, she walked over the table and came to sit next to me. She lifted up my chin and looked me in the eyes.

"Where, in Thor's name, did you get the idea you might be a bad chief?" Mom asked sternly.

I shrugged. "I dunno... I just think I'm weak compared to Dad."

She laughed. "Physically, maybe, but you're just as strong as he ever was when it comes to courage. And if Stoick was here now, he'd make sure you knew that. Alright?"

I looked into her pale green eyes and smiled, feeling tears well up inside mine. "Yeah."

Climbing back over the table, she handed me her bowl of soup. "Now, eat that, or Astrid will be making your breakfast from now on!"

I immediately started drinking the soup in front of me. Astrid was clever, brave, certainly beautiful, and the best girlfriend I could ever wish for, but her cooking wasn't very... edible.

Suddenly, footsteps could be heard from upstairs, along with a few loud dragon yawns. Seconds later, a large black head appeared at the top of the stairs, on which large green eyes looked round curiously, and two nostrils sniffed the air to track down the smell of fish. Spotting me and mom, Toothless came bounding down the stairs and sat eagerly next to me like a puppy, hoping to get a bit of fish soup as well.

"Lazy dragon," I said jokingly as I gave him what was left in the bowl. He licked his lips and started messily drinking the soup, sending drops of it everywhere.

Mom laughed. She got up and took her helmet from the shelf. "Well, I'd better go check on the Nest to see if the repairs are going along well!" She sighed and stared into the distance. "He spent so long building it, just to have to wrecked..."

"I'm sure it's going fine," I said reassuringly. She smiled and headed out the door, calling for Cloudjumper as she did so.

No sooner had she left another voice was heard from outside. "Hiccup! Are you in there?"

"Astrid!"

I got up and brushed off some droplets of soup from my shirt, only to have them smudge even more. "Great..." I turned to Toothless. "Do I look OK?"

He simply looked at me with his big green eyes as if to say "Erm... yeah, I suppose."

I frowned. "Great. Dragon pity."

Before I could do anything about my rather messy appearance, Astrid

came in without knocking. "I see you're still not totally awake!" she joked.

I grinned and scratched the back of my neck. "Not quite."

She gave me a quick peck on the cheek then headed back towards the door. "I know you've got all your chief stuff to do, but fancy going for a flight later on?"

I winced when she mentions my "chief stuff". If only Dad were here...

"Sure, no problem," I said, trying to hide my sadness. Fortunately she didn't notice the flat note in my voice and headed outside.

I breathed a sigh of relief. Even though I usually shared everything with Astrid, I didn't want to burden her with my worry.

I went upstairs and slipped on my flight suit, Toothless waiting patiently by the front door for me to come back down. As I adjusted the straps, I noticed the small wooden duck sitting on my desk that Dad had made one day. Next to it I had placed the dragon toy Mom had made me when I was younger. I sighed and picked them both up.

"I'm never going to get through this if I keep on mourning," I said sternly to myself. "I have to move on. If Dad could talk to me from Valhalla then he'd tell me to do just that."

I placed each toy back in its place on my desk, then ran my finger along the smooth woodwork of the duck's back. "I have to move on."

2. On Itchy Armpit

Contains a bit of Hiccstrid fluff at one point. I'm bad at writing romantic things so it's not that good XD Enjoy!

* * *

><p>"Hey, Astrid, wait up!" I shouted as she flew past me on her Deadly Nadder, Stormfly.<p>

"No chance!" she shouted back.

We were heading to Itchy Armpit, an island Toothless and I had found a while ago. I'd named it that because Toothless had been scratching his armpit when I asked him what we should name it.

To our surprise, as we landed on the island, we noticed that several campfires had been lit here and there, and the remains of meals had been scattered around the shores.

"Travellers," I said, disgusted at the state they had left our island in.

Astrid simply smiled. "How about we let them know that this is our territory?"

I looked at her, not knowing what she meant. She rolled her eyes and

took some coloured pouches out of Stormfly's saddle bag. "Remember when we marked those dragons to know which island they were from?"

I scratched my chin as I tried to remember. "Yeah, why?"

"How about we do the same thing with this island, to let people know it belongs to you?"

I smiled. This would take a lot of paint.

* * *

><p>We had to fly back to Berk to get a bit more black paint every now and then, but soon our sign was almost finished.<p>

We had painted a large Strike class logo on one of the flat, stone parts of one of the beaches of the island. It would have been easier with the dragons to help us, but they were too busy playing tug-of-war with a log.

"Is it here?" Astrid asked as she paused for a moment. She was barefoot and her feet were covered in dried black paint. She was about to paint Toothless' red tail fin. Normally she would have used her hands but, Astrid being the rebellious mind that she is, decided to make things a bit more fun and used her feet.

"A bit to the right," I replied as I looked at the sketch I'd done of the sign.

"Here?"

"Yep."

She headed towards the bucket of red paint. Some of the wing was still wet though and she slipped, covering her spiked skirt in black paint. I laughed and headed towards her, only to have my prosthetic slip as well, making me land on top of her.

If this had of happened five years ago, I would have immediately got up and muttered my apologies. But then again, our relationship five years ago was nothing more than a few kisses. It was safe to say that we'd advanced when it came to contact.

I leaned my elbows to each side of her head, looking into her crystal-clear blue eyes, her looking into my emerald-green ones.

"How did I get the most beautiful girl on Berk?" I asked out loud.

"The same reason I got the cleverest boy."

I leaned in, my lips meeting hers. This was the third kiss I'd initiated. The first was in the forge when I had caught her off-guard, the second was after the battle between Toothless and Drago's Bewilderbeast.

Suddenly, a loud noise broke our kiss. I got up and looked into the distance, where a line of black smoke could clearly be seen against the white of the clouds.

"Toothless!" I called, and the Night Fury immediately appeared from the small wood on the island, followed by Stormfly, who was still carrying the log they were playing with.

"What's that?" Astrid wondered.

"I don't know," I replied. "Let's go have a closer look."

3. The Man with the Black Iron Mask

**I'm trying to make the chapters longer but it's hard so bear with me XD Also there's some blood at one point, just thought I'd warn you ;)
Enjoy!**

* * *

><p>We flew to where the smoke was coming from, which happened to be an island about half the size of Berk, with a small village built on it which was now reduced to ashes. Every here and there there were still a couple of buildings still on fire, and no one noticed us in all the commotion to put the fires out. As I looked round I noticed a few people lying on the burnt grass, with terrible swollen burns on their hands, arms and even their faces.<p>

It's only when I walked up to someone that they saw we were here.
"What happened here?"

"Chief!" the villager immediately bowed when he recognised me. I motioned for him to stand up. "We were attacked! They set the whole village on fire!"

I clenched my fists. "Who?"

"A man with a black iron mask!" the villager said, trembling.

"A man with a mask?" asked Astrid.

"Yes!" nodded the villager. "We were going about our daily business, when all of a sudden a scream was heard. We ran towards the noise and there lay Ingrid, one of the women of the village, clearly stabbed to death on the ground. As we gathered round her, we were caught from behind and knives were put to our necks!" He took off his rag scarf and showed me and Astrid a clear, light cut all around the front of his neck. Not enough to die from, but enough to lose a lot of blood.

"He wanted you, Chief!" the man continued. "He wanted us to help them capture you, but we didn't betray you. We never would, Chief."

"Thank you," I said gratefully.

The villager started trembling again. "Seen as we wouldn't help him, He set the village on fire... Those who tried to stop him suffered a worse fate."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

The man pointed behind us and we turned round to see what was there. It was a pretty terrible sight.

A handful of people, including women, had been strung up and were dangling from large flaming torches. To our horror we noticed that the ropes they were attached to weren't tied around their necks: they were attached to their hair. To make things worse they had suffered several deep cuts on their stomachs, maybe made whilst they were still alive, meaning part of their ribcages was exposed and a large pool of blood stained the ground beneath them.

Even Astrid, who was used to violence, gagged at this sight.

"What kind of a sick person would do this?" she choked.

"We want desperately to take them down and give them each a proper funeral," continued the villager, nearly in tears. "But He said that he would come back tomorrow and if they had moved by so much as an inch we'd all die that way!"

I thought for a second. A good chief protects his people...

"Then I'll come too," I said, clenching my fists.

"No, no, you mustn't!" cried the man, grabbing my shoulders. "That's what He wants! He wants to lure you here! You mustn't come or you'll be giving in to his plan!"

"I don't care!" I said sternly, gently taking his burnt hands off my shoulders. "I won't see you suffer like this. When will he come?"

"Around this time tomorrow."

I scratched my chin. Would I have time to come here between chief duties? I didn't want to put any of the others riders in danger, and this was something a chief had to do, so somehow I also had to convince Astrid to stay on Berk...

"I'll be there."

4. The Masked Man is Unmasked

There's a bit of blood in this one, just letting you know ;) And I made it extra long :D Enjoy!

* * *

><p>The next day, I tried desperately to convince Astrid to stay on Berk.<p>

"You have to stay here!" I said, my hands on her shoulders.

"No way!" she replied, shaking them off. "We found this place together, so we're fighting this masked maniac together."

"You saw what that guy did to those villagers. He's a brutal murderer that doesn't care for life. If you get hurt, I'll never forgive myself!"

"Hiccup, I was born a warrior!" Astrid fought back. "I can deal with this."

I smirked. "Even you gagged at the sight of those bodies."

She groaned, knowing I'd won. "Fine, I'll stay here. But if I think you're gone for too long, then I'm coming to get you!"

I smiled, reassured that she'd be safe. "Thank you."

* * *

><p>Later on that day, I watched from a cliff as the man with the mask grabbed the villager Astrid and I had spoken to by the neck and lifted him clean off the ground.<p>

"WHERE IS HE?!" I could hear him yelling. "WHERE IS THE CHIEF?!"

At first I had decided to wait a bit before making my appearance, but I saw the masked man take a dagger from his belt and get ready to stab the villager in the stomach, and this made me change my mind.

A chief protects his people.

"I'm here!" I yelled. I climbed on to Toothless' back and flew down to where they were standing, surrounded by other Vikings who were wearing simpler versions of the man's iron mask. These men immediately started advancing towards me, gripping their blood-stained axes. Not at all intimidated, I grabbed Inferno and sent a ring of fire burning all around me. Because of the already-burnt grass this ring of fire didn't burn for long, but it burnt long enough to surprise them.

I turned to the masked man. "Now you have me, let him go." I gestured to the villager he was still holding by the skin of his neck.

To my surprise, instead of letting the villager go, he thrust his dagger deep into the poor man's stomach, crashing through his ribcage as he did so. I watched in horror as he proceeded to stab the villager once in the middle of face and then throw the still-alive body on the ground.

"You didn't need to do that!" I shouted angrily. The worse thing was the villager was still alive, despite the serious wounds, meaning he was suffering where he lay. I took my knife from my sleeve pocket and made a quick and clean cut on the villager's neck to put him out of his misery.

"I always need to kill," growled the masked man, wiping his bloody dagger on his thick leather trousers and then slipping it back into his belt. "Especially the people that aren't important." He kicked the body at his feet, making it roll over and hide its bloodied face.

"But YOU," continued the man. "YOU I will take ALIVE!"

Before I could react, I felt a sharp pain in my neck as a needle was thrust into it from behind me, sending me into unconsciousness.

* * *

><p>When I awoke, I saw that I was in a dark room with walls made of stone. I was surprised to realise that it wasn't that cold. Once my eyes had swam back into focus, I looked round and not only noticed a fire was lit in the corner of the room, but I also noticed that I was chained securely to a chair.<p>

"Sorry if the accommodation isn't quite what you're used to, Chief..." came a voice from behind me. I couldn't turn round to see but I knew that it was the masked man.

"I did light a fire for you, though," the man continued. He walked slowly towards the fire and picked up a metal rod from the side of it. He slowly put it inside the burning flames, watching as it turned from grey to red to blue with heat.

Once it was blue, he walked with the same slow pace as before towards me.

"As for medication," he said. "This is to insure you don't catch your death of cold."

I could only scream as his touched my right cheek with the burning rod. He left it there for what seemed like centuries and then finally threw the rod on the ground. I couldn't see but I was sure that it had left a mark that would never leave.

"Who are you?" I practically whispered, half of my face hurting like hell.

"You don't recognise me?" asked the man. "Then again, I have changed, haven't I? I was never this brutal, and this is actually the first time I've ever been in command of my own tribe. I'm quite new to the job, but I think I'm doing well, wouldn't you say?"

"Tell me who you are!" I said furiously.

"Give me a moment to finish my speech," said the masked man calmly. "I was up to the bit of where I had changed. And I shall continue to say that you have not." He laughed. "Still as small and as weak as you always were, Hiccup. You might think you've grown, but there's still the puny little Viking â€" if we can even call it a Viking â€" inside you." He laughed again as he saw that what he was saying struck me hard, like verbal arrows being shot without end. "A runt like yourself has managed to become the Chief of Berk, Odin only knows how, and it doesn't take a genius to know that you are WEAK."

I tried desperately to block out what he was saying, but I couldn't. "A strong chief wouldn't have given himself up like that. A strong chief would be back on Berk, getting reinforcements, by now. But no, seen as you are WEAK you've decided to give yourself up and let yourself be chained. Because of you, the rest of those stupid villagers will be strung up like the first ones. How does that make you feel?"

Determined to not let him win, I put on a brave face and asked again: "Who are you?"

Now that his speech was finished, the man removed his mask to reveal a face I barely recognised, but still knew from years ago. His eyes glinted with power and fury and this almost gave him a completely different appearance.

"How is that possible?" I wondered out loud.

"While you were fighting Dagur with Alvin, no one noticed ME on the sidelines. No one ever notices me. I crept away like a shadow and made sure that no one knew." He smiled. "As you've already found out, I've inherited Alvin's taste for blood and Dagur's taste for madness... That's what you get from working alongside two of Berk's enemies."

He leaned forward and looked me straight in the eye. "What's it like to see your old friend Savage again?"

* * *

><p>I bet you weren't expecting the villain to be Savage, right? :D

At first I was going to use Drago as a villain, seen as we never actually see him die or get captured at the end of HTTYD 2, but while watching Cast Out pt 2 of Dragons: Defenders of Berk, I noticed that we never see Savage get captured either. And that got me thinking: what if he came back, with a whole new personality: the mix of Alvin and Dagur? I personally would be pretty intimidated by this XD

I hope you all liked this plot twist! ^_*

5. A Chief Protects His People

**No blood like before (basically no one gets stabbed) but there's some real beating up. What can I say, I like writing violence!
:D**

* * *

><p>Savage practically cackled when he saw the look on my face. "Speechless?"<p>

I glared at him. "I certainly didn't miss you."

At this remark, he punched me in the jaw. "Well, you know what the funny thing is?" He grabbed the back of my head by my hair and pulled it back so I was looking him in the eye. "I actually missed YOU. I missed terrorising your island, I missed making plans to destroy it with Alvin and Dagur, I missed EVERYTHING to do with you. At first I found it strange to be the one in charge â€" I didn't think I'd be able to do it â€" but now I know I'm ten times better than those amateurs!"

He tightened the grip on my hair, pulling out some strands as he did so. "I still can't ride dragons. And in case you're wondering, that's not why I captured you. I don't care about those stupid reptiles any more. All I care about is seeing you SUFFER!" He let go of my hair and punched me again, causing my lip to bleed pretty badly.

"Speaking of dragons, where's Toothless?" I demanded. "What have you done with him?"

"Oh, don't worry your weak little mind about your Night Fury," Savage said smoothly. "He's alive, but I won't say that he's unharmed."

I strained at the chains keeping me in place. "Why are you doing this?" I asked angrily. "Why are you killing people that haven't done ANYTHING to you?"

He took his sword from his belt and pointed it at me fiercely. "BECAUSE I HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR BECAUSE OF YOU!" he yelled, holding himself back from stabbing me there and then. "All I know is destruction! All I know is pain! And all I know is CAUSING those two things to HAPPEN!" He poked my burnt cheek with the tip of his blade, making it hurt even more than it already did. "And then YOU made friends with Alvin! YOU defeated Dagur! Their armies were nothing but PRISONERS! I managed to get away, but what did I have? NOTHING, THAT'S WHAT!" Overcome with fury, he practically yelled a war cry and slashed his sword at my face, causing a deep cut on my left cheek, meaning each side of my face had Savage's mark.

Replacing his sword in his belt, he continued in a calmer tone. "I have nothing to live for because of you. Why should I let anyone else have that freedom?"

I was shocked at all this. Savage really had inherited Dagur's sense of madness and mayhem and Alvin's thirst for blood. In fact, there was nothing of the Savage I knew left inside him.

I was about to say something, but he interrupted me with something that sent a chill through my spine and all the way to my heart. "Let's not talk about me. Let's talk about a certain girl called Astrid Hofferson. You know her well, don't you?"

I clenched my fists in anger, desperately wanting to strike him where he stood. He knew I had two weaknesses: Toothless and Astrid.

"I know you care more about others than you do about yourself. So to make you suffer, I make them suffer. That's why Toothless isn't dead: he'll prove very useful for breaking you." He grinned maniacally, knowing that this angered and hurt me more than anything. "But let's talk about Astrid for the moment."

Still as calm as ever, Savage took out his dagger and sharpened it against one of the spikes of his sleeves, making it shine in the light of the fire. "What would you do if I cut off every one of her limbs..." He slowly cut a deep line around the top of my left elbow, in the place where my leather armour didn't quite cover my tunic, as if he was demonstrating how he would remove her arms. I closed my eyes, trying to block out the pain, but it was impossible. "And then proceeded to sew them back on... all this while she's still alive, of course..." He removed a blunt, rusted needle from the handle of his dagger and pushed it through the edges of my wound, as if he was sewing. Because the needle was blunt it hurt even more than it should have, and the rust was sure to leave some sort of infection. He removed the needle and stopped talking for a minute to admire his work.

I had a red, bloody burn on my right cheek, a deep cut on the other, my lip was bleeding from where he had punched me twice and because of this my jawline was badly bruised. Above my left elbow I had another deep cut, accompanied by several little holes he had made with the needle.

All in all, I was in a pretty bad mess of blood and bruises.

From his silence, I thought Savage had finally finished his "demonstration" of what he would do to Astrid, but to my horror I saw him walk slowly pick up the metal rod again. I could only sit and wait as I watched him thrust it into the fire, making it heat up all over again.

"And after I had sewn on her limbs again," he said smoothly as he came towards me. "I would burn her still-breathing body in front of your eyes."

When he said this, I thought he was going to stab me in the eye, but instead he placed the burning end of the rod where he had placed it before, making it hurt like hell even more than it already did.

He dropped the rod and laughed at my pain before going back to his original question. "What would you say to that, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third?"

I hung my head, wanting desperately to give up. My body couldn't take any more of this.

But a chief protects his people.

"WELL?" Savage lifted up my head in the same way as before. "WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?"

I looked into his black, bird-like eyes and, just about succeeding in hiding my emotions, simply said: "That's messed up, man. That's really messed up."

Savage yelled in fury and punched me so many times I didn't bother counting. "BREAK!" he yelled. "WHY-" Punch. "WON'T-" Punch. "YOU-" Punch. "BREAK?" Final punch.

I was practically unconscious after all this. The bottom of my face was bruised to its maximum and the blood coming from my lip had poured down my neck. Savage knew by hurting me and threatening to hurt my friends, eventually I'd give in. And if I gave in, then he wouldn't need Toothless any more. He wouldn't bother with capturing Astrid, he'd just kill her immediately.

If I gave up, then I'd be condemning everyone to death.

Odin must have given me strength at that point, because somehow I managed to look up and say to him: "I'm the chief. And a chief protects his people."

* * *

><p>Yeah, things seem pretty grim for Hiccup. But things will take a turn for the better soon ;) Make sure to leave a review and let me know if you like the story or not, and tell me what you don't

like if you don't! This is my first fanfic, and I'm pretty happy with how it's turning out :D

6. Astrid to the Rescue

****The one you've all been waiting for... chapter 6! :D
Enjoy!****

****EDIT: Added some detail at the end of Astrid's part of the story
;)****

* * *

><p>Here is Astrid's part of the story.<p>

* * *

><p>Hiccup's been gone for too long, Astrid thought as she paced in Stormfly's stable, debating whether or not she should go after him. She really wanted to, and had even told him that she'd come and get him if she got worried, but Hiccup had told her to stay on Berk, where she was safe.<p>

But since when did Astrid do what she was told?

She mounted Stormfly, her axe gripped tightly in her hand. She didn't want to say anything to Valka until she was sure something bad had happened. Who knew, maybe he had just gotten distracted by a new island or something?

"Let's go," she said, a determined look on her face. Stormfly took off and, with a final glance downwards, left the island of Berk.

* * *

><p>They finally reached Itchy Armpit, and from there flew to the burnt village.<p>

What was in front of them had Astrid nearly gagging again.

Every single villager, man and woman, had been strung up on burning torches like the first ones. Their injuries were the same as before, meaning nearly every strand of grass was stained red.

"What in Odin's name happened here?" she wondered, as she jumped off Stormfly's back and walked round the now lifeless village. What had once been a peaceful little town was now a field of ashes and the inhabitants had been gutted like fish.

Suddenly, her mind darted back to Hiccup. If this was what the masked man could do to a whole village, then what would he do to him?

Astrid racked her brains, searching for a way they could track him down, when she spotted something she recognised a little further away on the ground. She and Stormfly ran to it and the young Viking picked it up: Hiccup's flight helmet.

She put it in front of Stormfly's nostrils. Deadly Nadders, once

thought to be part of the Sharp class, had recently been discovered as Tracker class dragons, meaning their sense of smell were the finest in the dragon world.

"Can you find him?" she asked her dragon. The Deadly Nadder made a happy chirping noise to say yes. Astrid smiled and mounted her dragon again. "Go get him, girl!"

* * *

><p>After what seemed like a few hours, Astrid noticed that the sea below them had become darker than before, and rocks stuck out of it like teeth. As Stormfly kept going forward, they entered a thick fog.<p>

"Thank Thor I'm not relying on my own eyesight," Astrid said to her dragon. "You can probably see through this as if it wasn't there!" Stormfly made a happy chirping noise to agree.

Suddenly, the Deadly Nadder stopped and hovered, her eyes darting around the area cautiously. "What's wrong, girl?" asked her rider. "Have we arrived?"

Stormfly swooped downwards slowly and quietly and landed on a lifeless island which had been invisible until now because of the fog surrounding it. There wasn't a single noise except the breathing of the two.

Gripping her axe, Astrid took a few steps forward and saw a cluster of sticks stuck inside the ground. To her horror she saw that on top of these sticks were the skulls of various dragons, including the Deadly Nadder. Astrid immediately lead Stormfly in the other direction so that she wouldn't take fright.

I guess we've found the masked man's island, she thought.

Scattered around the island were what looked like abandoned Whispering Death tunnels, the old occupants having either been killed or fled the brutality of the masked man.

"Let's see what's down there," Astrid said as she climbed back on to Stormfly's back. The Nadder quietly took off and dived down one of the tunnels, which was about twice her width, meaning she could easily fly down it.

In what little light there was, Astrid looked round the tunnels. Every here and there there was a pile of bones and old rotting wooden doors, which the girl guessed to be unused cells.

Suddenly, voices were heard up ahead. Stormfly quickly landed behind a rock that was jutting out of the wall and curled herself up, so that not a single part of her or Astrid was visible. They waited silently as two masked soldiers walked past the rock, not noticing the girl and her dragon behind it.

Once they had gone, Astrid got off Stormfly's back. "Stay here, girl. In case an unexpected soldier walks by it's hard to hide a whole Nadder, and I don't want anything to happen to you."

Stormfly nuzzled her as if to say "Don't go!"

"I'll be fine," said her rider, as if she knew what her dragon had said. "Just stay here, OK?"

And with that, she was gone.

* * *

><p>Astrid walked round the tunnels, dodging a soldier every now and then, for what seemed like hours, when she finally came across a solid iron door that was twice as big as she was.<p>

"That must be some sort of main base," she said to herself, as she pushed it open cautiously.

Behind the door was a whole new set of tunnels, smaller this time, most likely made by people and not Whispering Deaths. From each and every one came a sound that resembled screaming, but there were so many echoes it was hard to tell.

As she was deciding which tunnel to go down, she heard a noise that sounded familiar. She could barely hear it over the other screeches, but it was there somewhere.

She walked in front of every entrance, her ears trying to pick up where the sound was coming from, and finally she heard it again. It was muffled for some reason, but no doubt it was a Night Fury call.

Astrid ran down the tunnel in question as fast as she could, still holding her axe in case she came across someone, when finally she reached a large cage with thick iron bars the width of sheep that was encrusted into the wall. Inside it she saw something that broke her heart.

There was Toothless, looking at her with big sad eyes, every part of him covered in either scars or chains. His prosthetic tail had been removed and he had a spiked muzzle around his face, explaining why the calls had been so muffled and quieter than the other screeches.

"Toothless!" she practically sobbed. "Don't worry, I'll get you out!"

With one strong swing of her axe, she demolished the thick padlock on the cage and walked inside, getting rid of all the other padlocks on the chains. Finally she removed the muzzle, only to have a large wet tongue lick her all over.

Astrid laughed as she stroked his head. "I'm happy to see you too! Now come on, let's find Hiccup!"

They made their way back down the tunnel, and Toothless sniffed round in order to get a sniff of Hiccup's scent. Finally, he caught it, and went bounding like a puppy towards one of the other tunnels.

The tunnel came out in front of a wooden door that seemed a lot more secure than others that had passed, meaning something "or someone" important was inside.

Unfortunately, two guards were sitting on front of it, and as Astrid and Toothless came out the tunnel, they were spotted immediately.

Astrid was about to swing her axe at them, but with one well-aimed and surprisingly quiet plasma blast, Toothless managed to knock them unconscious, meaning they could find out what was behind the door.

* * *

><p>Back to Hiccup's point of view.<p>

* * *

><p>Darkness. That's all. The second Savage had left the room in fury I'd passed out, thankful to at last be able to rest. I felt as if I couldn't go on much longer, but every time I felt like giving up, I had to remember that if I did, Berk was pretty much done for. A broken chief is like no chief at all.<p>

I sat there with my head hanging, so quiet and so motionless, that if anyone had looked at me, they'd have thought I was dead. Fortunately I wasn't, but I was pretty close.

Despite my unconsciousness, I swore I felt a soft hand touch my cheek. Who was that? Had I died during my sleep and was Odin welcoming me into Valhalla? No, the touch was too soft. Had Freyja chosen me to go to her kingdom, Fǫlkvangr, instead? (__Fǫlkvangr was the place that half the soldiers who died in battle would go to. The other half would go to Valhalla. Freyja was the goddess of love and beauty.)_

I felt the hand leave my cheek and I wished that it would come back. It was so soft, so caring, so reassuring.

Suddenly, there was a loud THUNK and this nearly awakened me fully. I felt the chains around me loosen and I felt myself fall forward without the support, only to be caught and put upright again. Yes, I was surely being led to Fǫlkvangr. But what was that?

"Hiccup!" said a blurry voice. "Hiccup, wake up!"

That didn't sound like Freyja. That sounded like...

"Hiccup, get a move on or I'll leave you here as well!"

Astrid!

* * *

><p>I welcome all reviews with open arms! Let me know what you liked and what you didn't and feel free to give me advice on how to continue! :D (I really need it at the moment XD)

7. All For Nothing?

****Will they escape? Will they not? Read to find out! :D Enjoy!****

* * *

><p>My eyes opened slowly and I felt dizzy as my pupils adjusted. When they did, I saw two faces I thought I'd never see again.<p>

Right in front of me were two of the most important people in my life, Astrid and Toothless.

"Is this real?" I said in a coarse whisper, squinting in the light. It might have seemed dark to Astrid but for me it was like being in daylight compared to the dark abyss of unconsciousness.

A tear escaped Astrid's eye. "Yes!" was the only thing that she said before she wrapped me in the tightest hug she'd ever given me. I put my shaky arms around her too, my eyes welling up with tears at finally being given something other than punches.

I wanted to say so many things that were going through my mind at this point, but I just said one thing: "Thank you."

She pulled away from the hug, wiping her eyes. "For what?"

"Being here."

She smiled and was about to say something, but Toothless interrupted her and started licking all over my face, covering me in Night Fury saliva. I laughed and wrapped my arms around his neck, my eyes starting to well up with tears again.

Even though I'd told Astrid to stay on Berk, I wasn't angry at all. I was happy to finally be given something other than violence.

"Let's get out of here," she said as she helped me to stand up. I stumbled almost immediately, having practically forgotten what it was like to walk in freedom.

As we made our way slowly towards the door of the cell, part of me felt that this was too good to be true. Savage might be brutal and completely nuts, but he was clever. Why had it been so easy for Astrid to find me and Toothless? Did he know she was here? Did he have a plan to capture her too?

I immediately blocked this out of my mind. No, I wouldn't let anything happen to Astrid too.

But maybe there was nothing I could do to stop it?

A few more steps and we were on our way down the tunnels. But, of course, fate never makes things easy.

Just as Astrid reached for the door, it slammed shut, almost cutting her fingers off. This was so sudden and unexpected we weren't sure if it had actually happened or not.

"Ha ha!"

Behind the door came the sound of someone cackling maniacally, and a little window opened to reveal Savage's grinning face. Astrid hadn't seen him without his mask before, so she didn't know it was him until now. Despite his black, beady eyes, she never forgot a

face.

"Savage!" she yelled, punching and kicking the door. "Let us out RIGHT NOW, or-"

"Or what?" he asked smoothly. "You'll break your knuckles while trying to break down this door? Well, I'm afraid to say that that would inconvenience you more than me, dear Astrid."

Toothless growled menacingly, but withdrew himself immediately as the end of a crossbow was pointed at him through the small window. From the marks on his legs and tips of his wings, I could see that he had suffered from a crossbow during his stay here, and didn't intend on being shot again.

As Savage pointed the crossbow at Toothless and grinned at Astrid's fury, I felt a large pain inside me: guilt. This was my fault. I had given myself up to Savage in order to protect the villagers of the now destroyed island, only to have them killed anyway. I had been beaten. Toothless had been scarred as well. And to top it all off, Astrid was now in Savage's clutches as well.

This was my fault.

I tried to block out the feeling, knowing that this was exactly what Savage wanted, but it was hard.

Since Savage had arrived a few minutes ago, I had been silent, so when I finally said something, everyone was rather shocked.

"I," I said, slowly bending down and reaching towards my prosthetic foot. "am the Chief..." I silently knelt down and started fiddling with the strings connecting my prosthetic to my actual leg. "And a Chief..." In one swift movement, I removed my metal foot and stood back up again. "Protects..." I wobbled a bit from the lack of support on my left side, but I gained my balance quickly. "HIS PEOPLE!"

I rammed my prosthetic into the wooden door, causing it to splinter almost immediately. I had made my metal leg out of Gronckle Iron, the toughest metal known in the archipelago, and it wasn't long until there was a gaping hole in the door.

"STOP THEM!" yelled Savage, shooting his crossbow wildly in the commotion.

Knowing what I was going to do, Astrid had grabbed her axe and had been chopping at the door too, and once there was a hole big enough, Toothless had shot a plasma blast through it, knocking out three soldiers at once.

I hurriedly put my prosthetic back on and, with one strong kick, Astrid got rid of the remains of the door, meaning we could easily get through.

"STORMFLY!" yelled Astrid.

Stormfly, who had been half-sleeping behind the rock waiting for her rider, heard her call despite the distance of the tunnels. She shot down the big metal door separating the Whispering Death tunnels to the man-made ones and as quick as lightning she was by Astrid's

side.

The Nadder shot spines at the guards running after them, who obviously weren't good at shooting while running. Stormfly, however, had a very good shot.

I mounted Toothless and Astrid quickly got up on Stormfly's back too, and she lead the way to the opening of the tunnel. Because Toothless' tail had been removed, he couldn't fly, so he had to run as fast as he could to keep up with Stormfly. He was slowed further by having to turn round occasionally and shoot a plasma blast, but he still managed to keep up.

"STOP THEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEM!" Savage practically shrieked as we exited the tunnels.

As we approached the edge of the island, I thought for a second. How were Toothless and I going to escape if he couldn't fly? Had it all been for nothing?

The Night Fury spun round, his mouth glowing blue, and I took out Inferno, so we were ready to fight if we had to.

"Look out below!"

Wait, was that-

"MOM?!" I shouted in surprise, as a blaze of fire appeared around us and we saw Cloudjumper fly past. Once we were completely protected by the flames, Mom brought Cloudjumper to a half just above us.

"Need a lift?" she asked cheerily.

"What do you think?" I grinned as the Stormcutter picked Toothless and I gently up in his claws.

Astrid had gone on ahead a little way and was waiting for us out of arrow range, and when she saw Mom, she was just as surprised as I had been.

"How did you find us? And how did you know we were in trouble?" she asked.

Mom laughed. "When you and Hiccup both disappeared at almost the same time without saying a word, something had to be up. And a mother can always find her hatchling!"

* * *

><p>Savage seems pretty annoyed. What will he do? (dem cliffhangers tho!)

Remember to leave a review and tell me what you thought was good and bad, it always helps me improve! ^_^^

8. Get Ready for Him

Wow, it's been a long time, hasn't it? XD

****You might already know but I'm getting super bad writer's block, so I literally have no idea what's gonna happen next in the story.****

****But I managed to pull together some paragraphs to make a quick chapter!****

****I'm sorry it's so short, but I'd rather write something good and short than long and dull, right?****

****Enjoy!****

*** * ***

><p>Cloudjumper glided gracefully back to Berk, with Mom, Astrid and I on his back. Stormfly was flying alongside him and he was holding Toothless in his claws. Some might have thought he didn't like being held in a Stormcutter's grip, but my dragon was enjoying being able to glide through the air without needing to use any energy.<p>

"Who is this Savage?" Mom asked me as she dabbed at the cut on my cheek with a wet cloth.

"He used to be an Outcast, then switched to a Berserker, and now he's ended up with his own tribe!" I replied, wincing every now and then at the sharpness of the cloth. "And as you can see, he likes violence- ow!" She accidentally pressed down too hard and I pulled away from her hand.

"Sorry," Mom said as she continued more gently. She gave the cut a quick wipe and stuck a bit of cloth on it and the burn with some sort of paste that smelt like thyme. She proceeded to bandage up the cut on my arm and smiled at me. "You're strong for holding out that long, you know, Hiccup."

At this, Savage's words came echoing back into my mind.

You are WEAK. You always have been and ALWAYS WILL BE!_

I shook them out desperately, not wanting to believe them. But a part of me still thought I wasn't the chief Berk deserved.

*** * ***

><p>As Cloudjumper landed on Berk, a group of Vikings immediately came and surrounded us and a flood of questions could be heard.<p>

"What happened?"

"Are you all okay?"

"Why is your face beaten up, Chief?"

Snotlout, Fishlegs, the twins and Eret pushed through the crowd, followed by their dragons.

"Was it Drago? Is he back?" asked Fishlegs, turning white.

I shook my head. "No, although I wish it was. We'd know how to fight

back. But unfortunately, this was someone completely different." I took a deep breath. "Savage is back."

To my shock, the riders all started laughing. All except Eret, of course, because he didn't know who Savage was.

"Savage?!" Tuffnut said through tears of laughter. "That guy's butt was kicked years ago! Even if he did come back we'd just kick it again!"

"Yeah, that guy's pretty dumb without Dagur or Alvin!" Snotlout added.

"You call THIS dumb?" I peeled off the cloth off my burn and showed it to them.

They immediately went silent.

"So his butt wasn't kicked?" asked Ruffnut.

"Not even close," said Astrid.

"He's back, and he's worse than Dagur or Alvin ever were." I stuck the cloth back on my cheek again, the cold air of Berk starting to make it sting. "Not quite as bad as Drago, but close."

"Is he coming to Berk?" asked Snotlout.

"He wants revenge, that's for sure, but I don't know if he's actually coming to Berk yet," I replied, my mouth fixed into a determined line. "But if he does, it might not be at night like Alvin, or with an armada like Dagur. It could be in broad daylight for all we know. Which is why we need to be ready," I took a deep breath. "Berk is going under siege. No one goes in, no one goes out."

* * *

><p>DUN DUN DUN, WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT?!

I literally have no idea.

Remember to leave a review and let me know what you think, it always helps me improve! :D

9. It's Time

The chapters are gradually getting longer again :D Enjoy!

* * *

><p>I sat staring at Dad's chair the next day, wondering if he would have done the same thing. Was putting Berk under siege really a good idea?<p>

Sensing my concern, Toothless nudged my arm with his head and made a purring noise. I scratched under his chin, smiling. No matter what happened, no matter what mistakes I made, Toothless was always there to reassure me.

Just at that moment, Astrid came through the door. She was about to say something but she saw my worried face. She sat down next to me and said gently: "What's on your mind?"

I sighed. "Was siege the right thing to do?"

"Why wouldn't it be?"

"Berk is isolated enough as it is," I said. "Putting it under siege makes it shut off completely."

She put a comforting hand on my shoulder. "We're safe, though. And a chief protects his own, doesn't he?"

"Yeah," I sighed again.

She gave me a quick kiss on the cheek and got up. "Come on. We need everyone's help to collect food and store it, and that means you, Chief!" She put a hand on her hip. "Come ON, move your butt!"

I smiled and followed Astrid outside. It was like it was yesterday after announcing Berk was going under siege: a commotion of Vikings and dragons running this way and that, either carrying baskets of food or barrels of water. Those who weren't carrying food were carrying logs and wooden planks to build defensive walls around the village.

We flew to the dock to help unload the fishing boats. It had been agreed that one fishing boat would go out and fish each day, so that we didn't run out of food. It's surprising how fast food can disappear when a whole Viking island is under siege.

As I put the last basket of fish along with the others in a wooden cart, I saw a small, fluttering shape moving towards me. It was silhouetted because of the sun so I couldn't make out what it was until it came closer.

As it approached, I saw that it was a Terrible Terror, and that something was attached to its leg.

It landed in front of me, clearly out of breath from its flight. I gently picked it up and took the paper off its leg. The words scribbled on it in charcoal sent a shiver down my spine:

It's time.

"What does it say?" asked Astrid, who had finished placing her half of the baskets.

I was too worried to say anything at all, so I simply handed her the paper. She read it and her skin went as pale as mine. "Is he coming now?" she asked.

"I don't know, but I'm not taking any risks!" I jumped on to Toothless' back and flew to the food storage house, closely followed by Astrid and Stormfly. We were greeted by the rest of the riders and their dragons.

"What's up?" asked Eret.

"We got a message from Savage," said Astrid.

"He's coming," I added, taking the note from Astrid and showing to him. As he passed it around so that the other riders could read it, I stopped and thought for a moment. This message couldn't be taken lightly â€" I needed to take charge.

"Snotlout and Eret, head to the south of the island and build some makeshift lookout posts in case Savage decides to attack from down there. Take some of the other men with you to make things faster," I said quickly and without warning. The two were a bit taken aback by my sudden authority, but they knew the importance of the situation and left immediately on their dragons.

"Ruff and Tuff, spread the word that we need more defences around the main village, and around this part of the island if possible."

"Right," they said in unison, and after a quick helmet-bang, flew off on their Zippleback.

"Fishlegs, I want you to fly down to the docks and tell the fishermen to stay within earshot of the beach. If they go too far out they could get ambushed." He was about to leave too, but I added: "I also want you to figure out the safest fishing route that they could take. As well as dragon knowledge, orientation is your thing. Do you think you could do that?"

"Yes, Chief!" Fishlegs gave a salute and quickly headed towards the ships with Meatlug.

"What about us?" asked Astrid.

"We need to go and see Mom and help with the dragons," I replied, climbing back on to Toothless' back. "If Savage is coming soon, then we'll need them."

Mom had been in the woods of Berk since yesterday, training smaller dragons such as Terrible Terrors or baby Typhoomerangs to act as lookouts. If Savage was to come now, we'd need as many eyes open as possible.

* * *

><p>I'm trying to keep everything as realistic as possible when it comes to battle arrangements and defense positions and stuff.

Remember to leave a review and tell me what you liked and what you didn't, it always helps! :D

10. The Masked Man's First Attack (TEASER)

I thought I was a good chief. I thought I was doing the right things. Fortifying the island, building lookouts posts, training dragons to patrol the coasts...

Little did I know Savage's first attack was something that no one was ready for.

* * *

><p>CAN YOU WAIT?! CAN YOU WAIT?! I CAN'T, AND I'M THE AUTHOR!

This really is something that has never been done in any fanfic I've read. I really hope it's something that I'll be first to do, because that would be awesome. But then again, there are thousands of fanfics out there.

I just hope it's as good as I make it sound!

11. What's Happening?

Here it is, we finally find out what Savage's first attack is! Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Days after the arrival of Savage's note, I was even more of a nervous wreck than before. I kept looking over my shoulder, glancing this way and that, constantly asking Snotlout if the defences were still up. Mom, Astrid and Toothless tried to calm my nerves, but it was no use, I couldn't be shaken out of it. I nearly dropped a few baskets of fish back into the sea that morning, because my hands were shaking so much.<p>

That evening at dinner, I couldn't eat a thing. Not even the sight of fresh roasted fish made me hungry, so I gave all mine to Toothless and Stormfly. It was as if I was seeing the world in black and white.

As I walked up the stairs to bed, wanting desperately to be able to sleep instead of lying awake all night like for the past few days, I was irritated by Toothless. For some reason he was hyper and kept jumping around everywhere and wanting to play.

"No, bud, not now," I said sleepily as I got into bed. But Toothless kept on pacing round the room, making more noise than he should do.

"Toothless, just go to sleep!" I said, trying not to snap. The dragon rolled his eyes and lay down on his stone slab, still full of energy.

I lay back and tried to close my eyes, but I couldn't. Part of me didn't want to close my eyes, in case I'd never open them again. So I lay there, like the night before that and the night before that, thinking of what Savage could have meant from "It's time."

* * *

><p>I woke up the next morning, figuring I must have gone to sleep just a few hours earlier. I noticed that Toothless was still fast asleep, probably after staying awake most of the night too because of his sudden burst of energy.<p>

I headed downstairs and saw that Valka wasn't up either, because her

helmet was still on the shelf, so I went outside instead and headed to Astrid's house. On the way there I noticed that not many Vikings were up, only a couple could be seen here and there.

I knocked on the door and her mother, Phlegma the Fierce, opened it.

"Hello," I said politely. "Is Astrid in?"

"Hello Hiccup!" she said kindly, giving me a hug. She often treated me as if I was her son, because I was Astrid's boyfriend. "Yes, yes, she's in. She's a bit under the weather and has been since last night. She's down in the dumps about it, so I'm sure seeing you will make her feel better! Come in, come in!"

I nodded my head politely and climbed up the stairs to Astrid's room. I opened the door, expecting to see her swinging her axe despite being ill, but a shocking sight was there to greet me.

Astrid was indeed under the weather. Her face was as white as snow at Snoggletog, her eyes were surrounded by blue rings and she was lying so still with her eyes closed that anyone could have mistaken her for a corpse.

"Astrid!" I rushed to her side and lifted up her head. She opened her eyes slowly and smiled.

"Hey, babe," she said in a coarse whisper, and then she drifted off to sleep again.

Oh yeah, a bit under the weather?! I thought angrily to myself. I called for Phlegma, hoping we might be able to find out what made her ill, before it was too late.

* * *

><p>Minutes later, I was at Gothi's house, holding Astrid in my arms like a bride. Also with us were Phlegma, Gobber, Valka, Stormfly and Toothless. Gothi motioned to put Astrid down, so I extremely gently lay her down on the fur rug, still resting her head in my hands. I wasn't going to let go for anyone.<p>

Gothi knelt down and lifted up one of Astrid's eyelids. She then looked inside her mouth and did all kinds of different procedures.

Once she was done, she picked up her staff and started writing in the sand at her feet.

"She says..." Gobber started to translate. "Astrid has been poisoned in some way."

My heart skipped a beat and I turned nearly as pale as her. "Poisoned? How?"

"She doesn't know," Gobber continued to translate. "What has she eaten recently?"

I scratched the beginning of my stubble and thought for a second. She was fine all day yesterday, but Phlegma said it started last

night...

"The only thing she ate last night was the grilled fish," said Mom, also deeply worried about Astrid. "I also ate some, but I'm fine. Although..."

I turned to her. "What? What do you mean, although?"

"Drago tried to poison me many times with food. At first it made me ill, but then I became immune, so he stopped. So it's possible that it could be the fish she ate last night." She paused for a second. "Didn't you eat any?"

"No, I gave mine to Toothless and Stormfly because I wasn't hungr-" I stopped. That was why Toothless was hyper. I turned to Phlegma. "Was Stormfly full of energy last night?"

"Aye, she was full of beans."

That concluded my theory. It was inside the fish. Something poisonous to humans but something that dragons didn't mind eating. Now I had to think "what was it?"

I thought back to when all the dragons started falling ill after Mildew has planted those flowers. What had we cured them with? Think, think...

"Scauldron venom!" I shouted, making everyone jump. "Something poisonous to humans but great for dragons! That's it! Savage probably infected the waters where we fish with Scauldron venom! We need to warn everyone!" I gently put Astrid's head down and jumped on Toothless' back. We rushed outside to warn the fishermen not to distribute any more fish, but from the sight of Vikings lying on the ground here and there, we figured it was too late.

All of Berk was infected.

* * *

><p>DUN DUN DUN, HOW WILL THEY SAVE BERK?! I have no idea.

Remember to leave a review and tell me what you thought! Good and bad feedback is welcomed, it always helps me improve! (but not too rude please, by bad I mean constructive criticism)

Also, don't hesitate to give me ideas for the next chapter in the reviews. You never know when writer's block might strike again!

12. Someone Is Lost

Here it is, chapter 12! I hope you all enjoy! :D

It's a bit short, but trust me, a lot happens.

* * *

><p>"Gothi says," said Gobber, watching carefully as Gothi traced

more patterns into the sand. "That the only cure for Scauldron venom poisoning is the seed of a purple flower that grows on the smallest island to the south of Berk."<p>

"But the South is where Savage is!" said Mom.

"I don't care," I said, a determined look on my face. "I'm saving my village!" I mounted Toothless and was about to go, but Mom grabbed my arm.

"Then I'm coming with you."

* * *

><p>I gulped as jagged rocks started appearing in the sea below us. This meant we were close to Savage's island.<p>

Sensing my nervousness, Toothless lifted up his head and licked my hand. I scratched his head, grateful that he was here.

We finally found a tiny island, barely half the size of the village on Berk, that looked like it could easily be the smallest. We landed in a forest clearing and looked round cautiously. It was suspiciously quiet, so Toothless and Cloudjumper were immediately on their guard.

After wandering round the forest for a bit, I finally caught a glimpse of something behind a bush. I went to look and saw a single purple flower, blooming despite the cold weather of the archipelago. I quickly dug it up and put it in Mom's bag, hoping that the seed came with it. It wouldn't be enough to cure the whole island, but it was something to bring back, at least.

Suddenly, the sound of an arrow whizzing through the air was heard, followed by a shout of pain from Mom.

"Mom!" I yelled, and quickly ran towards her. She was kneeling on the ground, an arrow stuck deeply in her calf. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine, I'm fine... HICCUP, LOOK OUT!" She pointed behind me and I turned round just in time, as a man wearing an iron mask, like a simplified version of Savage's, was charging towards me, holding an axe over his head. I quickly pulled out Inferno and stopped it as it came plummeting down towards my chest. I managed to disarm the man, and then Toothless knocked him out with a quick plasma blast.

"Mom, get back to Cloudjumper!" I yelled, as at least five other men came charging from the trees. "Toothless and I will hold them off!"

She nodded and limped over to Cloudjumper, who was dealing with his own group of soldiers. The Stormcutter, seeing that his beloved rider was injured, roared with fury and blasted his remaining group of soldiers to Hel with one powerful stream of fire. He quickly grabbed her in his claws and tossed her as gently as he could on to his back, and took off towards the sky, but didn't go towards Berk. Instead, he hovered in place, waiting for me and Toothless to follow.

But Toothless and I were a bit busy. Men were coming from each side of us, and we didn't have enough room to take off, so we had to

remain on the ground and survive for as long as we could. After a while we became separated, each having our own group of soldiers to deal with.

All of a sudden, a dart hit Toothless in the neck, causing him to roar in pain and fall unconscious on the floor.

"Toothless!" I rushed to him and quickly pulled the dart out, but it was too late, he was already unconscious.

I tried desperately to wake him, but then it was my turn to be shot. An arrow whizzed through the air and hit me clean in the shoulder, making me yell in pain just like he did.

"Hiccup, we need to go!" yelled Mom from above me.

"No, I'm not leaving without Toothless!" I shouted stubbornly, standing my ground next to my best friend, despite the searing pain in my right shoulder.

"We'll all get captured, he wouldn't want that! We have to go NOW!" Arrows started being shot at Cloudjumper too, but he swiftly dodged them. It was unsure how long he could keep this up, though.

I still stood my ground, so Cloudjumper swooped down and grabbed me in his claws, lifting me off the island.

"TOOTHLESS!" I yelled desperately as the remaining soldiers surrounded him and covered him with a net. I could only watch as they dragged his sleeping body into the darkness of the trees.

He had fought beside me, but in the end, I hadn't been there to defend him.

* * *

><p>Oooooo what's gonna happen what's gonna happen what's gonna happen?!

At first I didn't want Toothless to be taken away, but it was crucial for him to get captured in some way for what I have planned for later on in the story...

In fact, it's hard for me to say it, but this story is nearly complete. There should be another two or three chapters, but the end is almost upon us...

13. Home Not-So-Sweet Home

Sorry it's so short, but like before, a lot happens!

Some blood near the end, just though I'd say.

Enjoy!

* * *

><p>The ride back to Berk was very tense. I was now sitting behind Mom on Cloudjumper's back, facing the direction of the island we'd

just left.<p>

"I can't believe you left him there," I said, angry at my mother.

She didn't reply.

"Aren't you the great dragon rider? The vigilante?" I turned to face her. She was standing up, looking out into the distance. "Aren't you supposed to rescue dragons?"

"Yes," she said calmly.

"Then why did you leave him there?!" I practically shouted, standing up too.

She turned round to look at me. "Toothless wouldn't want us to get captured too. You in particular. And after leaving for twenty years, it's my duty to protect my remaining family." She placed a hand on my shoulder and I wanted to shake it off in my anger, but I decided against it. I didn't want to make things worse.

"But Toothless is family too," I replied stubbornly.

"He fought beside you and wanted you to survive," she said gently, looking into my eyes. "Would you deny him that wish?" I shook my head and sat down again.

The rest of the flight was silent, until we started approaching Berk, because we noticed something that made our hearts go cold. I stood up to get a closer look and gasped.

"How is that possible?" I wondered out loud.

"We barely left for a few hours!" said Mom.

Cloudjumper started flying faster, so that we could get there as soon as possible.

The village was on fire.

* * *

><p>"What happened here?" I asked myself as I jumped off Cloudjumper's back.<p>

Every single building was either on fire or already crumbling into ashes. The grass was burnt black beneath our feet, and even the Great Hall looked like it had been damaged. Gothi's hut was like a giant torch at the top of the island. No one had been hung from their hair on torches, but Savage had made up for that.

Littered on the ground were bloodied Viking corpses, with either daggers or arrows stuck deep in their chests. A few bodies even had axes swung violently into their skulls, causing them to crack in half and stain the ground around them in a dark red shade.

"Hiccup!"

I turned round, and was overjoyed to see Ruffnut and Tuffnut running

towards me. They weren't severely injured, but had cuts all over their arms and legs, and bruises on their faces, and looked pretty bloody as well.

"What happened while I was gone?" I asked.

"Savage!" said Tuffnut in one word.

"Yeah, he came with what seemed like hundreds of soldiers!" Ruffnut continued. "No one was ready for an ambush, so they just walked in and started throwing torches at the foot of buildings, setting every one of them on fire!"

"I've got to admit, it looked pretty cool at first," said Tuff. "But then they started murdering EVERYONE!"

"Stabbing, shooting, slicing, chopping!" said his sister, acting out each word with invisible weapons. "Blood everywhere!"

"Did anyone survive?" I asked hastily.

"A few villagers managed to reach the forest at Raven Point," said Tuffnut, scratching his helmet to try and think. "Snotlout and Fishlegs made it too."

Ruffnut punched him. "Don't forget Eret! Poor guy, so weak with that stupid illness... I keep trying to help him but he keeps turning me down."

Something triggered in my mind. "Wait, aren't you guys infected?"

"Nah, we only eat yak meat!" said Tuffnut. "It's what makes us warriors. Well, me, anyway- OW!" His sister didn't hesitate to punch him again.

"Speaking of illness," Mom walked up behind me and handed the twins the flower, along with its clump of soil attached to the roots. "Head to the forest at Raven Point and share the seeds to as many people as possible."

"Um... how?" asked Tuffnut.

"I don't know, make a soup, or something!" Mom practically snapped. Clearly she was as frustrated about the village burning as I was.

They were about to leave, but I stopped them. "Wait, you didn't mention Astrid. Where is she?"

The twins looked at each other sadly, and then lowered their heads.

"Where is she?!" I nearly yelled, grabbing Tuffnut's shoulders.

He looked up at me slowly. "She was taken, Hiccup."

"Savage left you this," said Ruff, handing me a piece of crumpled paper. I unfolded it hastily, but then immediately felt like ripping it up again.

Time to make a choice, O Great Chief. Meet me at what you call Itchy Armpit.

* * *

><p>Oooooo can you guess what the choice is? You probably can ;)

I'm sad to say that the next chapter will be the last chapter. And for those who have requested a sequel, I'd love to, don't get me wrong, but I just don't know what could happen. So once chapter 14 is done, that will be the end of Heart of a Chief.

But don't worry, I'll keep writing fanfics :D For all the BBC Merlin fans out there my next one is for that show, so look out for that one :D And you might already know I'm writing a super short one called Sparrows In Love for Ever After High.

So yeah, even if this fanfics ends soon, I'm not! XD See ya in the next and final chapter!

14. Choose

Before you start reading, I just want to say: this isn't the last chapter after all! :D I found a good spot for it to end on so there will be one last chapter after this one, but then that really will be the end. I'm not stretching it anymore :P_
>

Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Mom, the twins, Fishlegs, Snotlout, Eret and I stood in a determined line on the Strike Class mark of Itchy Armpit, with our dragons standing behind us " apart from Toothless. Stormfly was here too, because she knew that she'd see her rider.<p>

When we had first arrived, I had noticed a strange smell coming from the Night Fury's tail on the symbol. I had knelt down to see it closer-up and had noticed that it had been painted over in blood.

"Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III!" called a voice from above us.

We looked up and saw Savage standing on the top of a cliff, with two other shapes. One of them was in a cage and the other was being held from the neck over the edge of the cliff. I clenched my fists as I realised who they were.

"A chief has to make choices, doesn't he?" said Savage, smiling maliciously. "Sometimes they're hard, sometimes they're easy. This one most definitely is hard. I think you can guess what I'm going to say..." He paused. "You can save one out of these two loved ones, not both. You have to choose which. Your girlfriend..." He gestured to Astrid, who he was holding from the sharp rocks in the sea below. "... or your best friend." He pulled out a crossbow from behind him and aimed it at Toothless, who growled, but then shrunk to the back

of the cage as Savage threatened to shoot already.

"And what if I refuse to choose between them?" I said defiantly, my knuckles white because of my clenched fists.

"Then they both die. It's one, the other, or both. Make your choice or I'll choose for you."

All eyes were on me, including Toothless' and Astrid's. She had obviously been cured from the way she struggled in Savage's grip.

I looked at the ground and tried to think. I couldn't choose between them, I just couldn't. They both meant the same to me in different ways. I couldn't get rid of one... surely there had to be a way out.

I looked back up at Savage, a determined look on my face. "I would rather die than choose between them."

The maniac just smiled. "Very well."

He pointed the crossbow towards me and didn't hesitate to shoot. Before I knew what was happening, an arrow was flying through the air and hit me square in the chest. Next thing I know was I was lying on the ground, an arrow in my chest, blood starting to stain the floor around me.

"HICCUP!" yelled Astrid. Fear could be heard strongly in her voice.

Instead of stopping her from going, Savage simply tossed her back on the ground and let her unlock Toothless' cage. The girl and the Night Fury quickly sped down the cliff path towards me.

Then it all went black.

* * *

><p>Here is Astrid's part of the story.<p>

* * *

><p>Everyone had gathered round Hiccup's unconscious body, all asking themselves the same question: "Is he gonna live?"<p>

Astrid and Toothless pushed through the other riders and the girl was immediately on her knees next to her boyfriend.

"Hiccup, stay with us! Stay with me!" But Hiccup couldn't hear her.

"We need to get him back to Berk!" she said desperately. So with the help of Eret, she lifted Hiccup on to Stormfly's back.

Valka had been watching silently on the sidelines ever since Hiccup had been shot. Noticing her, Astrid walked over to her and placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. Hiccup was her last human family member and she knew that if something were to happen, it would hit her the most, as well as Toothless.

"He'll be fine, I know he will," she said, tears choking her voice as she wasn't sure of this herself.

Valka simply gave her a watery smile and climbed on to Cloudjumper's back, who had Toothless in his clutches again, wanting to hide the tears that threatened to come.

* * *

><p>Oooooo suspense!

Last night I actually thought that even though I said I wasn't going to do a sequel, I might be able to pull together a short one. But it's not sure at the moment, so don't get your hopes up!

Anyway, I hope you liked this chapter! Remember to leave a review if you did, or even if you didn't! I always want to know what you didn't like, that way I can write less or none of it in the next chapter!

See you in the last one!

15. Long Live the Chief

Here it is. The last chapter. The last of the last. The very last. The end. The final. The - WHATEVER.

Read it and enjoy! :D

* * *

><p>For days, Hiccup remained in what appeared to be a coma. He lay on his bed, unmoving, constantly being checked over by Gothi. The arrow had pulled out of his chest and Gothi had said the injury could have been much worse, but the chances of him surviving were slim.<p>

Every night, the remaining Vikings and dragons stood outside Hiccup's house, saying countless prayers to Odin for him to live. Until finally, there was news from Gothi.

"There is nothing she can do for him now," translated Gobber. "She has healed as much as she can on the outside, but it's up to his body to cure the inside. We can only pray that it can heal itself before life slips from his body."

"Is there a chance he won't make it?" asked Fishlegs, biting his fingernails in anxiety.

Gothi continued to trace shapes in the sand. "If he is strong and fights back, he will survive. But there is a chance he won't and will let Odin welcome him into Valhalla."

After hearing this, Astrid headed to Hiccup's house and walked inside. Sitting at the big wooden table in the main room were Valka and Toothless, with Cloudjumper watching from outside because he couldn't fit in the room. There was utter silence as even the Night Fury looked like he was praying.

"Can I see Hiccup?" asked Astrid.

Valka nodded silently.

The girl rushed up the stairs and opened his bedroom door, to reveal a very pale and very still Hiccup on the bed.

"Hiccup?" she whispered, as she sat on the edge of the bed. "Hiccup, please give me a sign that you're still there. Please just tell me you're still alive."

As if in response, Hiccup let out a drowsy grunt and his eyes slowly flickered half open. It was visible that he was using all his strength just to stay awake.

"Astri..." he said in a coarse whisper, not quite managing to finish her name.

Astrid immediately lifted up his head so he could see her better. "I'm here, I'm here! Don't go back to sleep," she pleaded, tears springing into her eyes.

With all his strength, Hiccup moved his arm upwards and reached towards the drawer next to the bed. Figuring he was trying to reach something, Astrid hastily moved the drawer forwards to make it easier for him.

He fumbled through all the items, knocking half of them over, until he finally reached a small box. He placed it in Astrid's hand gently and opened it, not finding enough strength to speak words.

It was a ring.

Astrid gasped. She hadn't been expecting that. Smiling, she slowly closed the box again.

"No," she said gently. "I'm not marrying you because I don't want to be a widow. Here's the deal: live and I'll say yes. You have to. Got it?"

Hiccup smiled and nodded, before slowly drifting back to sleep again.

After kissing him gently on the cheek, Astrid headed downstairs, hoping with all her heart that he would live.

* * *

><p>The next day, the village of Berk was more lively than ever. News had gone round from Gothi that Hiccup had mysteriously found the strength to fight the internal injury and, little by little, was getting better and closer to living. When asked how by Gothi, Hiccup had said: "A beautiful Valkyrie came to me and convinced me to fight back."<p>

As well as the Vikings, the dragons were hyper, too. Constant chirping and roaring with happiness could be heard as soon as the news had got out. Usually this would have annoyed the villagers, but they were being very loud too, so hardly anyone noticed.

And barely twenty-four hours later, it was said that Hiccup was nearly back to normal.

Even though Gothi had said no one was to visit the young chief, Valka had disobeyed those orders as soon as she heard her son was getting better.

She rushed upstairs and swung open the door, and tears of happiness poured down her face when she saw her son sitting up on the bed, being looked over by Gothi.

"HICCUP!" Valka ran towards him and gave him one of the tightest hugs a mother could ever give.

"Ow, watch my chest!" Hiccup said, equally as happy.

"Sorry, sorry!" Valka loosened her hug and looked her son in the eyes. "I thought I'd lost you..."

"Us too." The mother and son turned and turned Astrid leaning against the doorway, with Toothless sitting beside her. The dragon was shaking with excitement and wanted to pounce on Hiccup right there and then, but Astrid had told him to be careful. Instead, he bounded over like a puppy and licked his face, covering him in saliva.

"Ugh! Toothless, stop!" laughed the young man as he pushed the dragon away playfully. He wiped his face with his sleeves and then finally fully noticed Astrid, who was still leaning against the doorway, smiling. He smiled back.

"So?" he asked, unable to contain his impatience.

She walked over to him and gave him a hard punch in the arm. "That's for asking when you were on your deathbed!"

Hiccup rubbed his arm and smiled even more, knowing what was going to come next. "And?"

Astrid sat on the edge of the bed and looked him in the eyes. "And this is my answer." Before Hiccup could reply, she grabbed the neck of his tunic and pulled him to her lips.

* * *

><p>Now that Hiccup is awake properly, we can switch to his point of view.<p>

* * *

><p>We remained in the kiss for what seemed like forever, and I was a little sad when it ended. But she had accepted, I was alive, and everything looked liked it was going to be okay again.<p>

But everyone was so taken over by happiness, that we didn't realise Savage was still out there. And one day, he could come back for revenge.

Once and for all.

* * *

><p>OOOOO DEM CLIFFHANGERS THOUGH!

I'm pretty sure that with some help from nightfury123 and cometotheberkside (thank you both for proposing to help!) we can pull together a sequel. It'll take a while, but it'll happen.

Thank you all for sticking with me through this fanfic, and I'm super happy for all the reviews, faves and follows you've all been leaving!

Remember to leave reviews saying what you liked, what you didn't, and what you'd like to see in the sequel.

Thanks again, and I salute you all!

End
file.